

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted at one dollar per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

squares, (24x 12) one year.....	\$10 00
squares one year.....	15 00
squares one year.....	18 00
for one half of a column.....	25 00
squares six months.....	7 00
squares six months.....	10 00
squares six months.....	13 00
for one half of a column.....	20 00
squares three months.....	5 50
squares three months.....	8 00
squares three months.....	10 00

THE HOME JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY GEO. E. PURVIS AND WM. J. SLATTER, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 1.

WINCHESTER, TENN., JANUARY 29, 1857.

NUMBER 4.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE.
WITHIN SIX MONTHS.
TWELVE MONTHS.
INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.
3 copies \$5 00; 10 copies \$15 00;
5 copies 8 00; 15 copies 20 00.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

BLANKS OF EVERY KIND.
PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS,
CARDS, CIRCULARS, RECEIPTS,
FUNERAL TICKETS, DRUG LABELS,
BILL HEADS, HAND BILLS, &c.

RESPECT OLD AGE.

There, give him all the path. Tread slowly and reverently in his presence. Rush that rude laughter; check that idle jest. See you not upon his temples the snows of many winters? See you not the sunken eye, the bowed form, the thin hand upon whose surface the blue veins stand out like cords? Gone are the beauty and the strength of manhood; and in that faded eye but little light is left, save that of love and kindness. That voice has lost its music, save the soft undertone of affection.

Sit down, young friend, and hear that story of the olden time; and if, in looking backwards into the mists of the past, he sometimes forgets—sometimes confounds dates and incidents, or tells the same old tale for the twentieth time, think over what a vast field his laboring memory wanders. Think over what a checked web of events. Thought takes her beaten track down into the depth of years. Oh, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the anxieties and wrongs and sufferings he reposed from their dreamy beds, as he fights life's battle o'er again.

And scenes long lost, of joy and pain, Come wildering o'er his aged brain." Standing upon the boundary line between life and the untied future, his feet would fain turn backward into the paths of the past. One moment he longs for rest—the next come back the memories of departed joys. The thorns have dropped silently away amid the roses he gathered in childhood and youth—their beauty and fragrance alone remain. Oh, you in whose bounding veins young life yet lingers; and you in the full beauty and vigor of manhood, respect the aged. Speak gently, hush the rude laugh, check the idle jest, listen to the wisdom which is the voice of experience. Cherish him with kindly words; encircle him with your strong arm, and lead him as he descends the western hill of life, the shadows deepening into night—the white hairs upon his temple already drifting in the cool breeze which comes up from the valley of death.

Honor the aged, that he may leave you his blessing, on the threshold of the unknown land. Honor him, and God will raise up for you friends to remove the thorns from the last league of your own life's journey; for the sake of the weary one of the long ago, who never wept for your ingratitude; whose bowed form never struggled with a weight of care or grief, which you might have carried, while you walked carelessly along, intent upon your own ease and pleasure.

Honor the aged, for his sake, who was old before the world was—whose life is from everlasting to everlasting.

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are reputation and life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon may deprive us of the other.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—An exchange gives the following suggestion for increasing the capacity of the lungs:

Stop out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with the head well up and the shoulders back; and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips, into the lungs. When the chest is about half full gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you drew your breath, the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times immediately after bathing, and also at all times through the day. It is impossible to describe to one who never has this exercise. It is the best exerciser in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest was increased by this means some three inches during as many months.

Make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be any girl whom woman relishes, it is to be loved, twice.

TO FRED,

AN ANSWER TO HIS
"OH! GIVE BACK THE PLIGHTED HEART."
BY ELLA.

Yours once more the plighted heart—
Love of many years—
Tis a boon you ever knew
A life's hopes and fears."

It is time—it always was—
I shall be evermore,
And darker hours come o'er our path
Than we have known before.

It still clings with tenderness
To scenes that now are past—
Partners not what'er betide,
He heart is yours at last.

Entry turns to many an hour,
Of joy, and hope, and love—
Vows of constancy then made,
And registered above.

When will should I those vows recall?
Or why the hope resign,
Of one day giving thee a heart
That is already thine?

The world may deem me dull and sad,
I care not how that be,
I never can or will be glad,
My love, away from thee!

Then will I maintain our plighted troth—
Our mutual love of years—
The dearest born we ever knew
Amid life's hopes and fears."

WINCHESTER, JAN. 25, 1857.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

Ten out of eleven applicants for admission to the bar in New York have been rejected by the examiners. This severe examination is something quite new, at least here.

It had been better for many a father's son and for many a mother's helpless daughter, if, during the past twenty years, the courts of examination had adopted and adhered inflexibly to a rule, that ten out of every eleven of those who make application for admission to the bar, should be rejected. The world is full of failures at the bar, and the consequence is, the world is full of dissipated hopes, broken ambitions, soured tempers, and legal loafers. The evil does not stop here. It ramifies throughout the whole length and breadth of society. These failures at the bar are failures in money matters, for, after setting up the pretension of "Attorney at Law," or of devoting laborious years to "the books," it is very hard to bring either the pride or the physical energies to the task of other pursuits. It is, in the one case, hard to discard the prestige of a learned profession, and in the other, the soft glove of indolence. He does not like to be seen at work. That is tumbling down the ladder of his own importance and breaking the neck of his honor. Yet, he must do something. The world has its eye upon him. The world knows that he has failed. So far from aiding him, its disposition is to incline still more the inclined plane of his descent. He can see and feel with superlative intensity, the world's opposition. He looks into the heart of public opinion, and finds there no hope, no place for repose. He is an outcast, both from the bar and from public confidence. The first emotion of his soul is shame. To that, ultimately, is superadded resentment, and then follow in regular order consequences too well known to the world. If he be married, the very destitution and desolation among his household gods, exasperate him, and turn the current of his resentment against them. Many a lovely woman has thus been dragged through an inhospitable world, and laid prematurely in the arms of a slumber she would not awake from if she could.

It may be that he has the gift of eloquence—may be, the sublime gift of poetry—the fearful endowment of genius. It matters not. It takes a drudge, a plodder, a tireless, worm-like tenacity to work one's way through the perils of the legal renown. One cannot buy a loaf of bread with eloquence. It is a gift which without amalgamation with solid qualities, will not pass current in the bread and meat market. Poetry, unless of transcendent merit and put regularly into the market of literature, will not boot the foot nor hat the head. Genius, lofty and beautiful though it be, must be mixed with the alloy of common sense, energy and unconquerable will, if it serves its inheritor. It can find nothing substantial in the clouds, for gold exists in the opposite direction. It must not soar for it—It must burrow for it, for it is deep in the earth. The mere plodder never fails. The splendid man often does. The one clings to the level whereon the great world moves. There, he toils, beneath

the high haunts of genius and philosophy, and while the brilliant soar above him and starve, he gathers about him the treasures of the earth, and in mid life, looks down from his palace of gold upon the roofless sheds that the forms and tell the fate of the child of genius. The one sweeps by in a chariot, the other trails along in rags.

Let fathers keep their sons away from the law, unless an aptitude for that dangerous profession be perceptible in them. There are other professions that, while they do not require a life of slavery and promise disappointment, offer greater wealth and equal honors. Agriculture elevated as it is now by science, is a beautiful field for enterprise, which, while it develops and beautifies the physical man, keeps the intellect secure from the miasmatic atmosphere that hovers about the Inns of Court. The most honorable path an American boy can pursue is the path made by plough. That develops his form—that keeps his mind unlogged—that keeps his heart pure. The disciple of agriculture is a disciple of Nature. His spirit is kept in constant communion with that which corrupts not, dies not, but speaks ever of better things, of which this is but the shadow. Still other professions are open to our youth. Indeed, so wonderfully has the world advanced within the last half century, that the useful professions have multiplied by hundreds, and offer honors and wealth with more certainty and with less toil than the "learned professions."—*Memphis Eagle and Eng.*

A question has been raised in one of our courts whether a blind man can be made liable for a bill payable at sight.—The lawyers are puzzled.

There are two eventful periods in the life of woman—one, when she wonders who she will have; the other, who will have her. The first query dates at sixteen—the next at forty.

Among the occupants of the room, in which the passengers of a stage-coach were warming themselves on a cold winter's day, was an ill looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking up his quarters in so comfortable apartment. After a few minutes the landlord entered, and observing the dog, remarked:

"Fine dog, that is he yours?" appealing to one of the passengers.
"No, sir."
"Beautiful dog, yours, sir?" addressing himself to a second.
"No," was the blunt reply.
"Come here, pup. Perhaps he is yours, sir?"

"No," was again the reply.
"Very sagacious animal! Belongs to you, I suppose, sir."
"No he doesn't!"
"Then he is yours, and you have a treasure in him, sir," at the same time throwing the animal a cracker.
"No, sir, he is not."
"Oh," with a smile, "he belongs to you, as a matter of course, then?" addressing the last passenger.

"Me! I wouldn't have him as a gracious gift!"
"Then! you dirty, mean, contemptible whelp, get out!"

And with that the host gave him such a kick as sent him howling into the street, amid the roars of the company.

What a vast deal of human nature is contained in the above dialogue!

Dr. Johnson remarked that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised!" he exclaimed, that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

An old clergyman gave notice at the close of a sermon that in the course of a week he expected to go on a mission to the heathens. One of the deacons, being greatly surprised, exclaimed, "Why, you have never told us of this before, what shall we do?" "Oh, brother," replied the minister, "I don't expect to go out of town!"

"Talk of the inferiority of the female mind!" exclaimed an excited Woman's Rights oratorian, "why, Mr. President women possess infinitely more of the divine affluence than man, and any one who attempts to get around her in these days, will have to start very early in the morning!"

WEALTH.

The error of life into which man most readily falls, is the pursuit of wealth as the highest good of existence. While riches command respect, win position and secure comfort, it is expected that they will be regarded by all classes only with a strong and unsatisfied desire. But the undue reverence which is everywhere manifested for wealth, the rank which is conceded it, the homage which is paid it, the perpetual worship which is offered it, all tend to magnify its desirableness, and awaken longings for its possession in the minds of those born without inheritance. In society, as at present observed, the acquisition of money would seem to be the height of human aim—the great object of living, to which all other purposes are made subordinate. Money which exalts the lowly, and sheds honor upon the exalted—money, which makes sin appear goodness, and gives to viciousness the seeming of chastity—money, which silences evil report, and opens wide the mouth of praise—money, which constitutes its possessor an oracle, to whom men listen with deference—money, which makes deformity beautiful, and sanctifies crime—money, which lets the guilty go unpunished, and wins forgiveness for wrong—money, which makes manhood and age respectable, and is commendation, surety, and good name for the young, how shall it be gained? by what schemes gathered in? by what sacrifice secured?—These are questions which absorb the practical answering of which engross the lives of men. The schemes are too often those of fraud, and outrage upon the sacred obligation of being; the sacrifice, loss of the highest moral sense, the destruction of the purest susceptibilities of nature, the neglect of internal life and development, the utter and sad perversion of the true purposes of existence. Money is valued beyond its worth—it has gained a power vastly above deserving. Wealth is courted so obsequiously, is flattered so servilely, is so influential in moulding opinions and judgment, has such a weight in the estimation of character, that men regard its acquisition as the most prudent aim of their endeavors, and its possession as absolute enjoyment and honor, rather than the means of honorable, useful and happy life. While riches are thus over-estimated, and hold such power in community, men will forego ease and endure toil, sacrifice social pleasures and abandon principle, for the speedy and unlimited acquirement of property. Money will not be regarded as the means of living, but as the object of life. All nobler ends will be neglected in the eager haste to be rich. No higher pursuit will be recognized than the pursuit of gold—no attainment deemed so desirable as the attainment of wealth. While the great man of every circle is the rich man, in the common mind wealth becomes the synonyme of greatness. No condition is discernible superior to that which money confers; no loftier idea of manhood is entertained than that which embraces the extent of one's possessions.

VALUE OF TIME.—The Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day;" he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom."

Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare, and for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, rearranged his line of battle, changed his front, and, in a few minutes, was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result.

The great moral victories and defeats of the world turn on minutes. Crises come—the seizing of which is victory, the neglect of which is ruin. Men may loiter, but time flies, and life flies on the wings of time, and all the great interests of life are speeling on with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

IS HE RICH.—Many a sigh is heard—many a heart is broken—many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing life companions for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in point, as much as virtue is to vice? How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of the daughter, this—is he rich?

"Is he rich?"—yes, he abounds in wealth; but he does not afford an evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband.

"Is he rich?"—yes, his clothes are purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

"Is he rich?"—yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches take wings to themselves and fly away? Will you consent that your daughter should marry a man that has nothing to recommend him but his wealth! Ah, beware—the gilded bait sometimes covers the barbed hook. Ask not, then "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor—and do not sacrifice your daughter's happiness for money.

Mr. Speaker Banks, in a recent lecture, predicted that the valley of the Mississippi will be the seat of the greatest city in the world.

During the last year \$31,000 were raised within the bounds of the Alabama Methodist Conference, for Missionary purposes.

Come in out of the wet, as the shark said when he swallowed the sailor.

It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself, than to find out a thousand in others.

Patrick gave testimony in the riot case:

"Be jabbers, I first man that I saw coming at me with two brick bats.

The sweet light of friendship, like the light of phosphorus, is seen plainly when all around is dark.

McMINNVILLE.

The following article we clip from the McMinnville Mercury relative to that flourishing town:

"For a people to improve their advantages they must appreciate them; they must understand just what they possess and what they want, and when they know their true position nothing is required but energy and enterprise to make theirs a flourishing community.

It is doubtful whether there is a point in all Tennessee more favorable to progress than our own. We look over the State in vain for another McMinnville. Of course in saying this we include only the inland towns, those which have not the advantages of Nashville and Memphis, against which no place could think of contending. Lest we be charged with boasting we will give our reasons for our opinion.

The natural advantages of our town and its surrounding country, aside from its social, mark it as a promising spot.—There has been a great mistake in regard to this mountain region. Instead of medium land at least, as has been erroneously supposed by those who have never visited Warren and the adjacent counties, we have some of the richest and most productive farms in the State, and even the poorest tracts are unsurpassed for grazing cattle. Watered by numerous streams, which flow in every direction to fertilize and facilitate, nearly all of which afford fine sites for manufacturing purposes, the settler could not select a more desirable location. The town of McMinnville, situated in the very heart of the Mountain District, and connected with the large commercial cities of the South by a railroad, just completed, is obliged to become the great emporium of the whole section. Our sister counties must ship their produce from our depot, there is no other to which they can bring their stock, their grain and the rest of their articles for transportation. Hence, where will commission merchants find such an opening? Pure mountain air, a pleasant climate at all seasons, and beautiful scenery are here to attract.

We do not assume the doctrine, that geographical position is paramount over all others, we believe directly the opposite. The people make the place, and it is from this very reason that we base our greatest confidence. Our citizens are moral, industrious, enterprising and intelligent. Their acts have shown them to be so. Though not wealthy, they erected an elegant building for a female college and established an immense factory, which was burned to the ground not long after it had gone into operation. The Female College is now a flourishing institution, governed by trustees of our leading men, who have placed at the head a gentleman of acknowledged learning, together with a corps of well qualified assistants, how can it fail to be one of the first seminaries in the State?

Nor are we destitute of male schools. We have a College in a prosperous condition, the President of which, a graduate of Yale, is eminently distinguished for his ability in imparting information to his scholars.

Though now in its infancy, it may be expected, at no distant day, to be a favorite resort for those in search after knowledge.

Our town, besides its male and female colleges, and another excellent school, has four Protestant churches, which is a convincing proof of the morality and public spirit of the citizens.

We are no prophet. We never pretended to foretell future events, but when we see fifteen hundred people collected together, bound with the one determination to elevate their town to something more than a mere country village, we cannot but believe that before the next census they will be doubled, and we feel no hesitancy in predicting that in 1880, no inland place in Tennessee will compare with McMinnville.

For the year ending March, 1856, the tax on dogs in England yielded about one million of dollars.

ALL GONE.—Of the twenty-six members of the famous Hartford Convention, every one has passed to his grave.

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson."

A clergyman who was in the company calmly replied,

"Your father was of a different mind."